

# THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50  
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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OCTOBER, 1931



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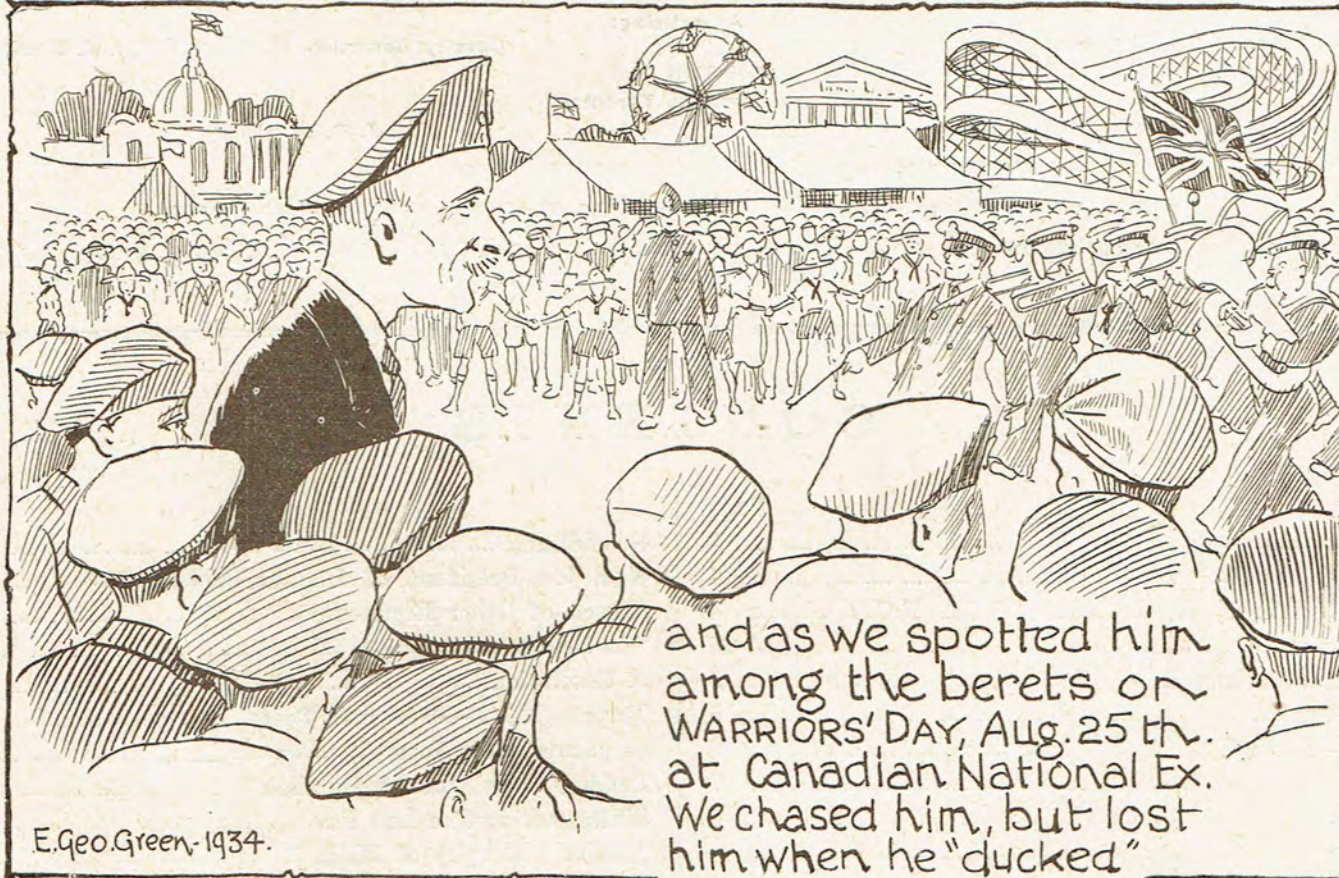
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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E. Geo. Green. 1934.



# EDITORIAL



Twenty years ago this month the Regiment disembarked at Plymouth on the first step in the great adventure.

Twelve days the trip had taken, the port of embarkation. Gaspé, just outside Quebec being left with the greatest possible secrecy on October 3rd, 1914. Just outside the harbour the Armada picked up the escort of British warships which were to accompany it on the trans-Atlantic voyage. Some few days out this escort was increased. The vessels carrying the troops numbered 32 and it extended over a distance of 18 miles. Every precaution was taken to guard against surprise by any wandering German vessel, and during the night all lights had to be extinguished or covered. Under ordinary circumstances many of the liners could have accomplished the journey in many days less, but some of the fleet were not such fast craft and the speedier ones had to be held in check for the slower ones. At a very early hour on the morning of October 14th the first liner appeared from behind Mount Edgecumbe, and then for the rest of the day until nearly dusk one after another of some of the finest of English and Canadian liners quietly steamed into the sound. Here they were taken in tow by Government tugs, which escorted them to their anchorage in the harbour.

The Port of Plymouth, with all its wonderful history, has been the scene of many stirring maritime spectacles, but few to compare with that witnessed on this October day. "I have seen a good many sights here, but never anything like this" said an old salt as the first contingent of Canadian volunteers, who left their home to help the Motherland, arrived in an English port.

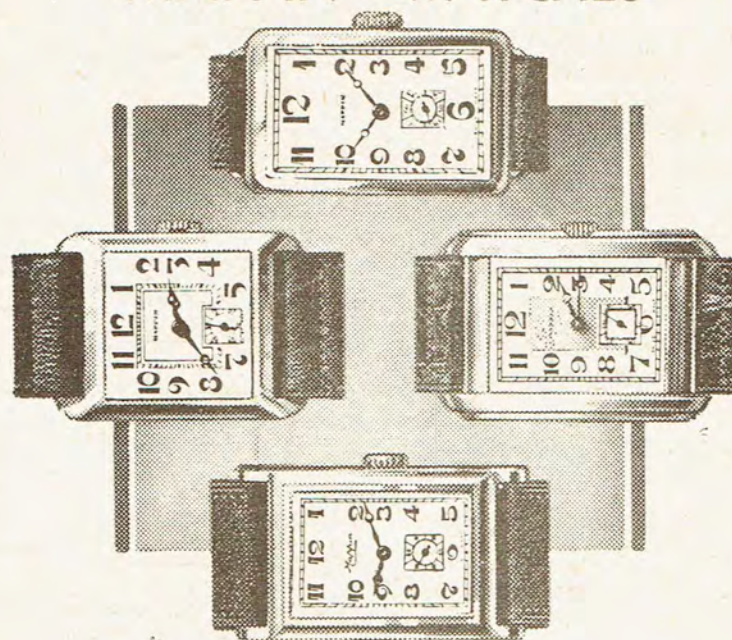
So well was the news kept that it was only a privileged few who knew that to the western port was to fall the honor of welcoming the

Colonials to the shores of England. Although the coming of the troops was not generally known, the news spread quickly and there soon assembled crowds at every vantage point along the sea front to witness the arrival and cheer the Colonials as the ships majestically steamed through the sound, into the Hamazoze where they moored.

Many of the vessels were strangers, but other had been frequent visitors to the Port. However, it was difficult to distinguish one from the other at first, for all had been painted from the top of their masts to the water line with the familiar slate gray of our navy. In some cases the name had been allowed to remain visible, and by this means the giants of the Cunard, Red and White Star and other lines were picked out.

The first arrival did not attract much attention on the part of the few people about until it had got within earshot. Then the sound of bagpipes and cheering revealed the fact that something unusual was happening. A closer look showed that the rope ladders of both masts were crowded with figures, whilst the various decks were thickly packed with troops. Immediately word ran round that they were Canadians and cheer after cheer was given and replied to with more vigour from the men on board and so the inspiring scene went on for practically the whole day. From the moment when the different vessels got within range their passage to the harbour was effected to a prolonged crescendo of cheering. Every part of the foreshore had its complement of spectators and nowhere was the welcome more loyal and hearty than at Devil's point, where the Artillery were stationed. Throughout the afternoon such places as the Hoe and Mount Wise were crowded and the pontoons at the north corner, battery Quay and Torpoint were simply packed with spectators

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cheering and waving hats, flags and handkerchiefs. In most cases the bands of the different regiments assembled on the poops of their respective vessels and could be heard playing popular airs, a special favourite being "It's a long way to Tipperary".

The first vessel arrived soon after nine o'clock in the morning, and it was nearly twelve hours later that the last one was at rest. At night the vessels were ablaze with light from stem to stern. Sounds of merriment reached shore, while the people on land cheered again and again. Occa-

sionally the troops broke into an unfamiliar refrain, but they always got back to "Tipperary" and the assurance "that my heart's right there" would have been convincing even if the people in the homeland did not know already of the stuff that these valiant sons of the Empire were made of.

It was indeed a sight which those who were privileged to witness will not readily forget, not only because of the grandeur of the spectacle, but because of what it represented as a connecting link between the Motherland and her Colonies.



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Our boat, the White Star Liner R.M.S. "Laurentic" laid up in the stream tied up with a sister ship the "Megantic" waiting the turn to be tied up in the dock. Boat load after boat load of excursionists steamed through the transports, perhaps the most inspiring sight of all was one day when the Captain and officers and 250 boys off the Mount Edgecumbe training ship steamed through on a steamer which was gaily decorated with the flags of the colonies and Allies. The ship band was also in attendance and as the steamer arrived at each transport they played "O Canada" the National Anthem, and other patriotic airs. The troops all stood at "attention" and at the conclusion there was a scene of great enthusiasms cheer upon cheer was raised, while the boys replied with equal gusto.

The wonder of the day was how the youngsters could play and carry the band instruments, some of which were larger than the boys themselves, the only one who seemed to get any fun out of it was the big drummer, the drum resting on a camp stool. On Saturday noon we disembarked and marched to the "Iaconia" for our horses, taking them to the Naval Hospital on the hill top where they were inspected by the Imperial Army Veterinary Officers.

About 7 p.m. that evening we marched through the streets of Plymouth to the railway station where we entrained for Amesbury close to Salisbury Plains.

Have you subscribed to THE GOAT or are you just getting a lend of it from your next door neighbour? If the former, don't forget to renew when you receive an expiration slip,—if the latter, please remember the animal requires nourishment. Come across!

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# Personal & Regimental

Visitors to Cavalry Barracks during the month were: Major W. Baty, R.C.D., of Toronto, Ex-Sergeant Major W. Lloyd of Montreal and Ex-Trooper C. W. Wilson formerly of "C" Squadron.

Congratulations are extended to Major-General Sir Archibald C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. who attained his 70th year on October 6th.

The editor has received a letter from Major M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D. who has recently been attached to the 4th Queens Own Hussars. He says that everything is very interesting and he is enjoying himself immensely. The 4th Hussars were transferred from Colchester to Warburg Barracks, Aldershot on October 16th.

## THE RILEY SHIELD

The competition for the Riley Shield took place again at St. Lambert, Quebec, on Sunday Oct. 8th over practically the same course as last year. The entries were 3 from St. Johns, Capt. C. C. Mann, on "63" Lieut. J. H. Larocque on "59" and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick on "41", five from the 17th Hussars, Major Tenoux, Capt. Birks, Goforth, Kelly and Elliott, from the 4th Divisional Army Service Corps.

Lieut. Hart mounted on a beautiful chestnut thoroughbred won the Shield with a time of 22 minutes four seconds and perfect condition. Lieut. Larocque took second place six seconds behind the winner and losing five marks for condition.

The judge were Lieut. E. L. Caldwell, Lieut.-Col. H. W. Johnston, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. Capt. Baker, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. and Capt. J. Wood R.C.D.

Lieut. J. D. B. Smith, and Q. M.S.I. (I.C.) J. King are in St. Catharines, Ont., conducting a Provisional School of Cavalry with the 2nd Dragoons of that city.

Captain G. F. Berteau, attended the Canadian Cavalry Association Annual Convention in Peterborough, Ont., and reported a very successful meeting.

Sergeant John Smith retired to pension this month. "Smithy", had served with the Regiment since 1920, and for the most part of his service was employed as Cook in the Men's Mess, making a thorough job of those duties, in spite of the usual "cribbing" from the boys. His many friends in both "A" and "B" Squadrons will join in wishing him the best of luck, and a long life to enjoy his pension. He has taken up residence in England, at Lytham, Lancashire.

Congratulations are in order to L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford, who has been elevated to the Married Establishment. "Norm" as he is known to his many friends, has been with this Squadron since 1925 and has excelled in both mounted and dismounted sports. No one will grudge him his advancement, and congratulations are also extended to his wife and family.

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh was the victim of another unfortunate accident while jumping in the Coliseum. His horse stumbled at the tripple in and out, and threw him some 24 feet. However, at the time of writing we are glad to be able to report that he is still "in harness", and seems to be none the worse for this mishap. It is said that he is claiming a Canadian Indoor Gliding Record, but so far, this has not been substantiated.

Lieut. A. D. Mann, has been transferred to the Corps of Royal Canadian Engineers and is at present stationed at Ottawa. The members of his Troop, and all ranks of the Squadron join in wishing him Good Luck in his new surroundings.

## THE LATE S.M.I. (W.O.I.) H. E. KARCHER, M.M., R.C.D.

It is with the greatest regret that we have to record the death of Sergeant-Major Instructor "Harry" Karcher, M.M., who had served with the Regiment since joining in May 1907. "Harry" was born in Montreal, Que., and in his early days, his family moved to Philadelphia, U.S.A. In his youth he was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and had played basketball for that University. He was always a splendid athlete, and throughout his service, many will still recollect his athletic prowess. Built on the lines of an athlete being of very fine physique, it could readily be understood that he would, if following the career of a soldier, prove to be a good one.

Promotion followed his enlisting rapidly, he receiving the appointment of Lance-Corporal on April 2nd, 1908 and was promoted to the rank of Corporal on November 11th, 1908. On January 1st, 1910, he was promoted to the rank of S.Q.M.S. afterwards being posted to the Instructional Cadre in which he served until the outbreak of war. He proceeded overseas with the R.C.D., C.E.F., serving with honour and distinction with the Regiment from 1914 until the signing of the Armistice. He was awarded the Military Medal (London Gazette No. 30743 dated June 12th 1918), for his work and gallantry at the engagement at Moreuil Wood on March 30th, 1918.

Upon the return of the Regiment and its subsequent re-organization as a Unit of the Permanent Active Militia, he again enlisted, and was promoted Squadron Sergeant-Major of "B" Sqn in Toronto on 7-7-19; in which rank he served until posted to the Instructional Cadre in May 1922, as A/S M.I. On the staff of the I.C. he was again promoted to the rank of Q.M.S.I., 1-5-28, and to S.M.I. (W.O.I.) on 20-5-29. He was the recipient of the Military Medal, the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, the 1914-15 Star, and the General Service and Victory Medal.



On October 3rd, 1924, he was married to Miss Jean Frances Spittall, at Ottawa Ontario.

His loss is deeply felt by his comrades in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and by the many friends he made during his service, and the heartfelt sympathy of the regiment goes out to Mrs. Karcher in her bereavement.

## The Duke of Kent.

The Dukedom of Kent, recently bestowed by His Majesty on H.R. H. Prince George is of particular interest to Canadians because the last holder of the title played an important part in Canadian history nearly a century and a half ago. In 1799 the Dukedom was conferred upon the fourth son of George III, Edward Augustus, who was also Duke of Strathearn. The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, came to Canada in 191 to take command of a regiment of Fusiliers, and made his home at Kent House, above Montmorency Falls, now familiar to discriminating tourists as a hotel operated by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company. A town house situated on Grande Alle, Quebec, is also still standing and is one of the historical attractions of the provincial capital. The Duke served for some time in the West Indies, but afterwards returned to Canada and was stationed for some years at Halifax. From 1799 to 1800 the Duke was Commander-in-Chief of the forces in British North America, afterwards becoming Governor of Gibraltar and being promoted in 1805 to the rank of field-marshal. Prince Edward Island was named after him and among other facts recalled of him is his suggestion of a plan for the federation of the British North America colonies. He seems to have been, however, a more interesting figure from the social point of view than from the political, but chiefly he was a soldier. He made himself very popular with the French Canadians during his stay at Quebec and his memory is still green among the descendants of his contemporaries. He died in 1820.

## FAMOUS BATTLE AT BALACLAVA RECALLED

Immortal Charge Of Light Brigade Took Place 80 Years Ago

Eighty years ago this month, on October 25th, history was made in the Crimea, at the Battle of Balacava, famed in song and story for the Charge of the Light Brigade and the less widely known but equally immortal Charge of the Heavy Brigade and the stand of the 93rd Highlanders, Britain's deathless "thin red line."

Incidentally, it is also the anniversary of the Battle of Agincourt.

Tennyson's poem has implanted the story of the Light Brigade in the mind and heart of the English-speaking world, better than all the historians who have ever written about it. The tale is one of a glorious error, which sent all to their deaths, "stomach at with shot and shell."

The Light Brigade epic followed the Charge of the Heavy Brigade which might easily have turned the battle in favor of Britain and her Allies, but something went wrong, and only a handful of men returned to tell the tale. Meantime British guns had fallen into the hands of the Russians and Colin Campbell set his double line of 300 of the 93rd to ward off Mentschhoff's manoeuvres, with orders to die where they stood, if necessary. They turned the tide, and actually took part in a cavalry charge clinging to the stirrups of the cavalry.

The Light Brigade was called into action when Raglan saw the success attained by the Heavy Brigade, under Scarlett and seized the moment as auspicious for the recapturing of the lost artillery. He sent a message to Lucan that "The cavalry will charge, supported by the infantry." Lucan either mistrusted this order and delayed three-quarters of an hour after which a second message was sent him. He argued with the aide-de-camp, a captain named Nolan, who finally lost his temper and said: "There's your enemy, Sir, and there are your guns."

Lucan then ordered Cardigan to charge. Cardigan saw that the

situation was hopeless and that he and his men were being ordered up a valley the sides of which were alive with Russians and Russian guns, but he obeyed and, "Into the mouth of Hell, rode the six hundred."

They killed the Russian gunners at the captured British guns, turned and carved their way out again, "but not the six hundred." Cardigan led the charge and the turning movement and it is said that he never uttered a word throughout the action.

French Chasseurs d'Afrique stepped in, in the nick of time, and drove the Russians from their hill positions, saving Balacava, that he never uttered a word in Crimea.

The last survivor of the Light Brigade died in Blackpool, England, on May 18, 1927, in the person of Troop Sergeant-Major Edwin Hughes. He was 96 years of age.

Such is the story of Balacava and the Light Brigade whose thundering hoofs echo in Valhalla. It was a great charge, but the French general, Pierre Bousquet, immortalized it in the words: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

## COURCELETTE

(Acrostic)

Canadians (French and English) of thee we're mighty proud. Our thanks to all our Heroes is proclaimed with voices loud. Upon the field of battle you nothing knew of dread. Remorseless in your valiant fight for freedom you were led. Courcellette is not unmindful of your gallantry "en masse". Every man from Belgium bares his head in homage as you pass. Let Canada re-echo this from farthest East to West.

Evincing not deep sorrow, but with earnestness and zest their tribute to our warriors whose fame has been well spread throughout all lands of freedom where ENTHRALDOM NOW IS DEAD.

D. W. MADGE,  
Military Hospital  
St. Johns, Que.

## News of Other Days.

Ten Years Ago

Items taken from The Goat of  
October 1924

Congratulations to Cpl. E. J. Manning "B" Sqn. on his promotion to the rank of Sergeant.

Major-General J. H. McBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Chief of the General Staff, Canadian Militia is leaving for Japan, where he will attend the annual manoeuvres of the Japanese Army. The invitation comes from the Japanese Army council, and Canada's representative will be the guest of the Japanese Government.

Sgt. J. Langley was wreathed in smiles on Wednesday afternoon Sept. 20th. He was congratulated by all, when he announced "It's another boy."

The following N.C.O's were successful at the course held at the Canadian Small Arms School Ottawa Course No. 14 Cpl. J. E. Lacerte, Course No. 15, Sgt. T. B. Sheehy.

And talking of keeping horses cheaply, do you know the tale of the would be horseman who sent his boy around to the local stables to ask the charge of a hack at livery? "Thirty shillings a week" came back the answer. The boy was sent back with a message that the charge was far higher than expected, and couldn't it be done for less? A lower tender was again refused, and the boy had several journeys trying to convince the livery stable keeper that his father only required his horse kept roughly and on low rations. Five shillings a week was finally ordered and accepted. But once more came the order "Go back. Ikey, and enquire vot vill be the allowance off for the manure." The answer was prompt. "Go bank my lad and tell your father that at five bob a week there won't be no manure."—(From Horse Hounds.)



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Johns, Q. B.**St. Johns Notes.****FOOTBALL**

Cavalry Barracks

Again the Drags have scored victory when it played againse the Hart Battery oi Saturday afternoon October 20th. Marshall's two markers again provided the margin of victory for the troops.

The game opened slowly with both teams playing safe football. no doubt bearing in mind their past experiences with strict Montreal arbiters. The troops staged a rally but Wilkinson put the ball past the post. McKeown secured the goal kick, passed to Smith who punted down the field, he lost to Brammer, and as he attempted to clear the sphere angle crazily off his foot, to "swish" into the Army nets behind Carpenter. The goal came after four minutes of play. The Army pressed desperately and Thorburn and Neithercut were carrying the defensive burden. Two corners were conceded in rapid sucession by Beattie, Lawrence crossing nicely.

Hart went into the soldiers territory seldom at this point. Another corner was taken by Lawrence when Jenkins angle shot was smartly topped over the bar by Beattie. The ball came high, a "floater" right to Sephton's foot, he attempted a "first timer" missed, Marshall covering with his back toward the Hart goal, took the ball high and hooked it over his shoulder to beat Beattie cleanly. It was a very smart play by Marshall. Hart again went goal hunting but poor finishing by their forwards spoiled at least 2 opportunities to register. Play speeded up and referee Sparrow was forced to call several fouls, and warn a couple of the boys for rough work. Wilkinson's high bounding shot was followed in by the Army centre and two inside men they piled in on Beattie, but Jimmy hugged the ball to save a dangerous situation. Neithercut was forced to retire being injured on the play. Half time score 1-1.

Neithercut was replaced by Bal-

frey. The soldiers took complete charge of the play as the period opened. Jenkins was through all alone but Beattie dived out to take the ball from his foot, back came the red horde, Marshall's shot was stopped by Beattie and as the redmen closed in on him he heaved the ball down the field. Hart were strictly on the defensive. It was almost dark and spectators were advising referee Sparrow to "call the game", when Marshall and Sephton sifted through the tired Hart outerguard, Beattie did not know which player would shoot as they raced shoulder to shoulder, held the ball until they were right in on the goaler, then Marshall blasted a low shot that nipped into the corner for the deciding tally.

Hart rushed downfield in a last minute attempt to score but the stout defence of Hayes and Brammer were too much for them to cope with, and the game ended in almost complete darkness with the troops getting the edge by the odd goal in three.

For the army Marshall was of course the head man, Hayes probably turned in his best effort of the season, while 'Sailor' Lawrence was the canny veteran of old. Wilkinson, Sephton and Jenkins also figured prominently in their teams win.

His initial effort, a master-stroke of ingenuity was the result of quick thinking, taking Beattie by surprise it nullified Brammer's missplay in the earlier part of the game. A dangerous man all the time, and it was no surprise when he registered the winning goal, in a mad race with Sephton as dusk was setting over the barracks field just four minutes before referee Sparrow blew his whistle for time.

The P.Q.F.A. trophy, the oldest in local competition was in its eighth season, and is the most coveted of all the district trophies. Former winners of this battle scarred mug are: 1927 Garrison 1928 C.X.L.A.A. of Beloeil Que., 1929, Garrison, 1930, Singer F.C. 1921 Barry Staines, Farnham, 1932, Garrison, 1933, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Other trophies won by the Garrison team this year are: The P. M.B.S. Charity, and the St. Johns cup.

**FOOTBALL**

One of the best games of football seen around here for some time was played at Cavalry Barracks on October 13th when the Rosemont Junior Soccer Champs defeated the garrison with a score of 2-1. Although the team was small in size their smart footwork and soccer ability stood them in good stead. In the opening half the Rosemont team had small edge in the play, Lawrence sent in a smart angle shot which was cleared by McKenzie in the nets for Rosemont and the half ended without a score on either side. By the time the second half got under way the situation looked very good, the Rosemont defence repelling attack after attack in spite of the repeated assaults of the Garrison. Marshall resorting to strategy took a pass and was able to draw the two defence boys toward him and the goaler expecting Marshall to shoot was badly misled as Marshall passed the ball to Sephton who had an open road, with no opposition.

The pace was kept up with both teams fighting hard for a win. In the last fifteen minutes of the last half there was some real soccer played with both goals coming in for a hot time. Finally McKenzie scored on a long shot thus breaking the tie with a score of 2-1 in favour of Rosemont. For the next five minutes things were pretty fast but no further score was received and the whistle blew bringing the game to a close.

**FOOTBALL**

In spite of the cold miserable rain that greeted us on Saturday afternoon September 29th the Garrison football team was undismayed as it turned out to defeat our "Pals" of the Hart Battery who arrived at Cavalry Barracks full of determination to hold on to the Charity Cup that the Garrison intended to take away from them.

What a game, and what tough luck some of the players received as time and again the ball was headed for the goal causing the spectators to hold their breaths only to let it go in a groan, as the ball only hit the goal post or swerved away. There was some very fast work during the last



half as the "Blonde Marshall" running true to form scored a neat goal equalizing the score at 3 all.

For a while things looked bad for the Hart Battery, but could they take it? Taking a one goal lead they played careful hard checking football. Marshall, taking a pass from Lawrence scored but for some uncountable reason, known only to the Referee it was found off side, and the goal recalled.

For the next thirty minutes of this half the Hart boys were under heavy pressure, raids being taken into the Army territory by Smith and Neithercut. Carpenter, in goal and constantly on his toes handled these raids in a very efficient manner. The outstanding feature of the game was the clever defensive play made by the Hart Battery making one of the best forty-five minutes of soccer played this season.

The second half of the play started out by Wilkinson scoring a goal with a long shot. Beattie in goal for the Hart Battery missed it and fell into the net. Smith and Churchward then opened up an attack but were checked by Hayes. The Hart again had to fall back on the defence suffering the loss of Smith who collided with Brammer and had to be carried off the field.

The critical moment had come and time was short, the Garrison was very consistent in their play and Marshall sending in a low shot tied up the series. Time was called and two periods of fifteen minutes was ordered.

In the first overtime series Marshall again scored followed by Standing. This finished the game with a score of 5 to 3 in favour of the Garrison who still retain the Charity Cup.

After the game Lieut. J. H. Larocque, presented the cup to the team Captain Wilkinson, congratulating the winning team and the Hart Battery on their very fine showing. This finishes the football season and Basketball is just around the corner, we hope that we can keep up the reputation earned last season in basketball circles.

The Annual Inter-Troop Jumping Competition was held on Friday Oct. 19th. The jumping as a whole was a very creditable performance on the part of all ranks and we heartily congratulate the winning team (1st troop) on their performance and for again winning the Shield. This is the second year in succession that they have won this prize. The winners are as follows:—

Lt. J. H. Larocque,  
Sgt. E. Boucher,  
Cpl. F. W. Lawrence,  
Tpr. Marshall,  
L/Cpl. McDonald,  
Tpr. Marshall,  
Tpr. P. Forgrave,

The results are as follows:—  
1st—1st Troop, R.C.D.  
2nd—3rd Troop, R.C.D.  
3rd—2nd Troop, R.C.D.

Cavalry Barracks has certainly taken on a different atmosphere this month. The painters have been in with the result that the barrack rooms look very bright and fresh while the stables are painted up so that even our friends the horses must be proud to live in them.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Lieut. J. H. Larocque, 1st troop who won the Allan Case Cup for the Officers Jumping, Sgt. E. Boucher 1st troop who won the Allan Case Cup for the Sergeants jumping, Cpl. Russel 3rd troop who won the Allen Case Cup for the N.C.O's and mens jumping and to Trooper B. S. Lewis who won the Aggregate Cup for the Mounted Sports day held on Oct. 13th.

### TROOPER DIVES INTO ICY RIVER AND RESCUES DROWNING KITTEN

From the Montreal Star

St. Johns, October 22,— The Canadian soldiers' affection for animals was strikingly exemplified here yesterday morning. "A" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, out for their early morning ride, wheeled over the Gouin Bridge, which spans the Richelieu River between this city and Iberville. A small kitten, apparently homeward bound, took fright at the sight of so many horses, scurried to the edge of

the bridge and fell into the river 25 feet below. The troops halted Trooper James Ross dismounted peered over the side and saw the kitten struggling desperately for life in a strong current. Off came his tunic. He climbed over the fence and sliding down a cement pillar dived into the ice cold river, bringing the kitten safely back to the pillar.

There was no ladder or foothold on the pillar and the bridge 25 feet above seemed inaccessible. To the rescue came the soldier's comrades. Leather reins were lowered but they did not reach. Finally L/Cpl. McKenzie, hung far over the ledge another anchored his feet and rescuer and kitten were hauled back to safety. The kitten was rushed to the barracks given warm milk and is now the official mascot of the troop.

### THE ROAD RACE

The old term "Weather clear, track fast" is very appropriate in describing the road race held at Cavalry Barracks on Wednesday-afternoon October 24th. The weather was perfect and all that could be desired as practically all of "A" Squadron assembled on the lawn alongside of "D" Coy. the R.C.R. to receive the last minute instructions.

"CRACK" they are off, what a race and what a scramble, the pace set was pretty fast at first but there was no other alternative out to keep going. Across the polo field they sped, up to Drury's gates, up along the highway for a stretch, then a turn to the left which was a great relief as this was dirt road and not so hard to travel on as the pavement. Suddenly we come to another turn to the right and we take time to notice that one of the Instructional Cadre is standing there to put us on the right track should one by any chance get off the ours.

The Instructional Cadre and others are put on these various corners just for that purpose. While we are still plodding along at a steady pace we notice that it is a long stretch and wonder how far it is to the corner. What is that! Oh someone has passed us on the road, this won't do, so

putting on an extra spurt this individual is passed and we jog trot on until to our relief we reach Frontenac street, down this street and around this school and we find ourselves on the home stretch which we manage somehow and so into Barracks. Practically every one covered the course, a hard run for some but they all took it and came sailing into barracks with flying colours. We offer our heartiest congratulations to the winners of this race and all deserve great credit for the way they stuck to it and finished the course.

At the finish of the race the prizes were presented by Mrs. (Col.) A. H. C. Cambell who presented Pte. F. T. Forgrave, R. C.R. with the Individual Cup.

Mrs. (Col.) E. L. Caldwell presented "D" Company the R.C.R., with the Aggregate Cup.

Mrs. McVicar presented the 1st Troop.

Mrs. (Capt.) C. C. Mann, presented 2nd Troop.

Mrs. (Capt.) J. Wood presented 3rd Troop.

The winners in the race were:—

Individual—Pte. F. T. Forgrave, R.C.R.

1st Troop—Tpr. T. J. Gell, R. C.D.

2nd Troop—Tpr. B. S. Lewis, R.C.D.

3rd Troop—Tpr. P. Sephton, R.C.D.

Troops and Company standing is as follows:

1st "D" Coy. R.C.R. . . 1189  
2nd—3rd Troop R.C.D. . . 543  
3rd—1st Troop, R.C.D. . . . 514  
4th—2nd Troop, R.C.D. . . 468

### BASKETBALL

A hard game of basketball was played in Iberville, Oct. 17th when the R.C.R. Juniors defeated the R.C.D. Juniors with a score of 30-16 in favour of the R.C.R. The Drags put up a good fight but began to lose steadily. This is the first game of the season and there will be many more games to play in the near future and we wish the boys the best of luck and success in the coming season.

In the second game of basketball played on October 17th, the "Drags" and Iberville clashed with a score of 24-22 in favour of Iberville. At the beginning of



the game the score for the Drags was very low and judging by the heavy scoring of Iberville it looked as if the game was a walk away for them. In the second period of the game the R.C.D. began to pick up considerably, making it look as if the game might end up in a tie. Owing to the good sportsmanship of the Drags in taking a man off the floor when Iberville was penalized their chances of winning was made very slim so when the final whistle blew Iberville was in the lead.

## The Compass Race.

"I jumped to the stirrup, Joris and he, I galloped, he galloped, we galloped all three" or four rather to be exact in regards to the Compass Race held on Wednesday afternoon Oct. 17th.

Any stranger who happened to be looking in the direction of the Barracks on that particular afternoon would no doubt wonder what it was all about and some to the conclusion that there was dirty work at the cross-roads. The Squadron assembled at half past one in the gymnasium for a few minutes to allow the patrol leaders to receive their orders and for the rest of us to get the general hang of the scheme and to get our locations on the map. At the given word there was a general dash for the stables. Every minute counted, the section saddled up and the first out and ready to go received the most points. These sections were then inspected for points in saddling up and general turn out by an Officer. Orders were then given and we moved off. Each section had to send out two pointers to be used as dispatch riders when occasion called for it. When each section arrived at its destination marked on the map the section leader sent back two messages by the dispatch

riders to the barracks riding school which was used as a headquarters. One section was rather puzzled on arriving at its location to find no body there, what was this, a trap? the old farm house was as deserted as a cemetery at midnight. After inspecting the place the section leader immediately sent back two messages by his dispatch riders. The method of carrying these messages was unique in a great many cases. One dispatch rider had his away down in his puttee, another had one rolled up in a cigarette paper, a good idea if the enemy were non-smokers. Another had his hidden in such a good place that he could not find it himself. One Brave who recently attended Church Parade had evidently got the "Read, Mark, Learn, and inwardly digest" idea all right because he put the message in his mouth. If captured the enemy would no doubt think that he had the tooth-ache or the mumps and leave him severely alone. By four o'clock in the afternoon all sections were accounted for the horses of the dispatch riders being examined as they came in for points on condition. Third Troop won this contest by winning the most points against the other troops which are given out in the following order—

Order of Merit	Troop	No. of Patrol	Points
1st	3rd	1	83
2nd	3rd	3	81
3rd	2nd	8	80
4th	3rd	2	78
4th	1st	6	78
5th	1st	5	77
6th	2nd	9	76
7th	1st	4	73
8th	2nd	7	56

And then there was the N.C.O. who stirs his tea with his whistle, one often wondered just what other use a whistle could be put to besides to blow through, it must also be very handy when there is a shortage of teaspoons.

Each of seven days in the week is designated as the Sabbath, by various nationalities and religions. Monday is the Greek Sunday, Tuesday the Persian, Wednesday the Assyrian, Thursday the Egyptian, Friday the Turkish, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian.

## "A" SQUADRON MOUNTED

### SPORTS

#### Cavalry Barracks

Saturday October 13th proved to be a big day at Cavalry Barracks as all prepared for the mounted sports to be held in the afternoon. Like last year rain was very much in evidence, and like last year it did not show much consideration for spectators. It wanted to rain and it rained regardless of sports day and every thing else. In the afternoon things cleared up a little and all took a chance on turning out to take part in the many events that were scheduled to take place that afternoon.

The open jumping proved very tricky as the ground was in a very wet and slippery condition causing the riders many a nasty fall. Everybody entered into the spirit of the afternoon and competition was high each troop doing its best to gain the most points. Quite a few amusing incidents in the various events were noticed. In the Alarm Race a contestant has to put on boots puttees and spurs and saddle up his horses while the good wife or girl friend sews on a button all in a minute. Speed is called for and woe betide the good wife or girl friend if she loses a button or a puttee is kicked out of her better half's hand. Tpr. Cailyer had the situation well in hand coming in with flying colours. A good attendance of friends and relatives were present and in spite of the rain thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At the close of the sports the many prizes were presented by Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. C. C. Mann, of Cavalry Barracks.

The following are the results of the different events:

#### CLASS I—Clean Turnout.

- 1st—L/Cpl. Hone.
- 2nd—Cpl. F. W. Lawrence.
- 3rd—Tpr. J. Ross.
- Reserve—Tpr. M. J. Macleod.

#### CLASS II—Open Jumping.

- 1st—Tpr. B. S. Lewis.
- 2nd—Tpr. J. Ross.
- 3rd—Tpr. F. G. Hayes.
- Reserve—Tpr. J. B. Carpenter.

#### CLASS III—Alarm Race.

- 1st—Tpr. Cailyer
- 2nd—L/Cpl. Wendon
- 3rd—Tpr. F. G. Hayes.
- Reserve—Tpr. Haskett, R.C.

#### CLASS IV—Tent Pegging

- 1st—Tpr. Lewis
- 2nd—Tpr. P. A. Forgrave
- 3rd—Tpr. J. Ross.
- Reserve—Tpr. P. Sephton.

#### CLASS V—Jumping.

- 1st—Tpr. Sephton.
- 2nd—L/Cpl. H. Dobson.
- 3rd—Tpr. Morrill.

#### CLASS VI—Musical Chairs.

- 1st—Tpr. Marshall.
- 2nd—Tpr. Stevenson.
- 3rd—Tpr. Moss.

#### CLASS VII—Jumping.

- 1st—3rd Troop, No. 1 team
- 2nd—3rd Troop, No. 2 team.
- Reserve—1st Troop, No. 1 team

#### CLASS VIII—Bareback-Wrestling

- 1st—Third Troop

Officials were: Referee, Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell, Officer Commanding "A" Sqn. Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Judges—Wm. Morrison, Esq., of Montreal, Capt. G. N. Dickenson, R.C.E.; Capt. James Wood; Capt. Mann, Lieut. H. J. Larocque, Lt. E. Berwick, R.C.D.

Ring Master, Sqn. S.M. F. W. Harding, R.C.D.; Clerk of Course, Tpr. R. I. Gallup, R.C.D., N.C.O.; in charge of paddock and jump equipment, S.Q.M.S. T. Sheehy, R.C.D.; Sgt. R. Blake, Cpl. J. Adams, N.C.O. in charge of awards and prizes Sgt. J. E. Desnoyers, R.C.D., Trumpeter Tpr. C. Doherty, R.C.D., committee, Sgt. W. Jewkes, R.C.D., L/Cpl. V. Jewkes, R.C.D., Tpr. J. Ross, R.C.D., Tpr. B. Lewis, R.C.D.

"Eat, Drink and be Merry" was the slogan recommended by the lads as they met in the Gymnasium for what turned out to be a most enjoyable smoker and fitting climax to Mounted Sports day.

With Captain J. Wood, presiding in the chair the evening opened up with a selection from Fred Merrick's orchestra, of Montreal H's selections through the evening

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were appreciated by all. Another big feature of the evening were the songs given us by Mr. Jimmy Lemar from Montreal, who also led the boys in community singing, some of us were led out of our depth a little but we all got there. Mr. Paul Hebert of St. Johns also favoured us with a few numbers enjoyed by everybody.

Lt. Col. E. L. Caldwell was then called upon for a few words and expressed himself very pleased with the performances held in the afternoon and expressed a hope to see more of sports in the near future. Some well chosen anecdotes were told by Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick and Capt. C. C. Mann, who gave us a reading on the "Evils of Intemperance". S/Sgt. Britt looked the real thing when dressed as a ship's stoker. (Shovel and all) gave us a song entitled "The Stoker." Pte. Meadows then kept the ball rolling when he entered, dressed as a Parson,—his text was very much to the point as he remarked solemnly "He whosoever sitteth upon a tack shall surely rise again." His sermon was also very enlightening with the exception of one point that we did not understand. What was in that bottle that we saw him hide under the pulpit and accidentally kicked over. Was it gasoline? We realize that we should not notice little things like that but we cannot help wondering.

During the evening songs were given us by "Sailor Lawrence" on the "Man on the flying trapeze", Jimmy Ross, C. Doherty, S. B. Lewis and others who all helped to make the evening a success.

A vote of thanks was given to Fred Merrick and his orchestra, Jimmy Lemar and to Paul Hebert who so kindly came down and helped in the entertainment of the evening. The evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem and all departed feeling that it was one of the most enjoyable smokers to be held in a long time.

"Smith, the practical joker is dead,"

"How did it happen?"

"Well, while he was in Chicago he went into a night club and yelled 'fire.'"

"Well."

"Somebody did."

## General Topics.

"The Melancholy days are here again, the saddest of the year maybe but looking at the weather as it is today does not make one feel very gloomy, with the keen fresh air, the trees looking all colours of the rainbow, and the bright sunshine such as we have been having all helps to drive away the blues. In all probability by the time any one is wasting his time reading this it will be pouring with rain, maybe there will be a heavy snow storm or it will be about thirty degrees below zero, who knows?"

So far this has been a month for the painters, they have taken the Barracks by storm with paint brushes and paint and have painted it inside and out and do we look good? come up and see us in all our glory. Everything looks very fresh and nice, surprising what a little paint will do. Even the dogs have come in for a little decoration with the exception of our canine pal "Punch, alias Herbert, alias a good many other names too numerous and unprintable who has gone one better by having had his paws painted red. This style looks too communistic for the other dogs who make no effort to hide their disgust.

One of our lads was highly honoured the other night when he was inadvertently given the "Independent Order of the Bath". This came as quite a surprise to this "Knight" and left him very embarrassed and somewhat washed out. He was presented with two heavily woven mop rags, a very serviceable brand new scrubbing brush and a cake of the very choicest and finest quality sergeants' majors' soap. In his speech of the evening looking very white all he could say was "Words fail me boys, words fail me."

The Mounted Sports proved to be a great success, everything being run off in a first class manner. The bareback wrestling proved to be a little hard on the old service shirts, they alone could not take it, may be it was just as well as it would have been a little embarrassing if the old nether garments had failed us. They all had a ripping good time

in spite of neck holds and other holds that came into play. As two young braves were clasping each other in a neck hold one was heard to mutter to the other "For? sake hold your horses and keep your shirt on" very sound advice in theory but when it comes to practice, well, that is another thing altogether.

## FRIENDLINESS

Many of our great men are remembered because of their friendliness. They had the gift of making friends. People trusted them and believed in them. Some people pride themselves on their brusqueness, their harshness. They are really to be pitied. Children avoid them. People generally mistrust them. They think that harshness or severeness of manner will be taken for a mark of ability. An able man needs no camouflage.

Friendliness is an art. Man's inhumanity to man has caused more wars and suffering than any other human trait. For after all, the desire to possess, or to have what the other man has, usually shows that underneath is the attitude of disregard for the other's feeling or rights. On the other hand the friendly man gets pleasure from the fact of the other man's good fortune. Every good thing that happens in his vicinity adds to his pleasure. He lives on the basis that most men are worthless. He isn't troubled in mind, the person that in the knowledge of his own traits considers everybody crooked. He believes in himself and believes in others also.

Friendliness is one of the greatest lubricators of human relationships. As individuals we all think our ideas are best, our ways are best, but in a spirit of friendliness we can see that the other fellow

has as much right to his ideas as we do and that for him they are as valuable as ours to us. We adjust ourselves to facts and save a lot of unhappiness.

The organization that has the feeling of friendliness strong in its membership can be counted on as the most efficient. The feeling of distrust is absent. Each can work in complete harmony with the other. The strong meals are those that have the quality of closely linked atoms or crystals. There is no pulling away from each other. All are closely related. So with an organization. Where distrust and suspicion and dislike are prominent there is no esprit de corps. Morale is low, the remedy for that is friendliness. The Army is the finest place to develop this quality. We know each one as he really is. He cannot hide behind a bluff. Organizations develop friendliness if the rivalry is worth while. The friendly Organization gets results. Every individual works for the common good. He forgets his own personal interests in the striving for the larger goal.

Kindliness and friendliness work together. And both are the best barometers of a man's religious life. The unfriendly man is naturally not interested in religion. He is only interested in himself. He is as unfriendly towards his Maker as towards his associates. Religion makes him take a friendly and kindly interest in the others' welfare. It gives him a much broader outlook on life. He is in harmony with the better things of life. He has reason to be content.

Boss: "There's two dollars missing from my desk drawer and no one but you and I have the key to it."

Office boy: "Well, let's each put a dollar back and forget it."

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## NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.



Lt.-Col. H. DesRosiers, D.S.O., President of the B. Houde Company, Limited, Quebec, and director of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited, has been appointed Vice-President of this latter company.

Lt.-Col. H. DesRosiers, D.S.O. of Quebec City, has been appointed vice-president of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited, and will move to Montreal to take up his new duties in the very near future according to an announcement from the Executive Offices of the Company today.

Colonel DesRosiers has been associated with the company since 1901. He worked at the head office in connection with the Sales Department, and later took over branch offices in St. John, N.B., Ottawa and Toronto. Later again he was appointed secretary to the board, a position he occupied until the outbreak of the Great War, and which he again assumed on his return from overseas in 1919.

In 1920 Colonel DesRosiers was appointed general manager of the B. Houde Company, Limited, Quebec, a subsidiary of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited and in 1929 he was appointed president of this company. In 1928 he was elected director of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited. He is also president of the Quebec Leaf Tobacco Company, Limited.

Born in Vaudreuil in 1880, Col. DesRosiers was educated at Vaudreuil, and finished his education at the University of Ottawa.

When war was declared in 1914, Colonel DesRosiers immediately

joined the 14th Battalion as lieutenant. Winning his captaincy at the Battle of Ypres, he was recalled to Canada in 1916 to raise the 163rd Battalion. This unit became, in England, a part of the 10th reserve. Crossing to France in 1918, Colonel DesRosiers took command of the 22nd Battalion which he brought home at the conclusion of hostilities. Colonel DesRosiers was mentioned in despatches and in 1918 won the Distinguished Service Order. He was an honorary aide de camp to Viscount Willingdon during the latter's tenure of office in Canada as Governor General.

## Records of Other Regiments.

### The Scottish Horse (Scots).

#### Battle—Honours

"South Africa, 1900/1902." "Hindenburg Line". "St. Quentin Canal". "Cambrai, 1918." "Beaurevoir." "Selle." "Sambré." "France and Flanders, 1918." "Macedonia, 1916/1918." "Gallipoli, 1915." "Rumania." "Egypt, 1915/16."

The Scottish Horse, originally a regiment of Colonial Irregular Horse, afterwards changing its constitution from time to time and becoming Imperial Yeomanry, Dragoons, Cyclists Infantry (Highlanders), and finally one of the two regiments which are classified in the present day Army List as "Scots" may justly be said to have had an unusually varied and interesting career.

The origin of the corps is probably unique, for though now recruited only from the Northern Counties of Scotland, The Scottish Horse in its early days drew its recruits from a much wider area. The regiment owed its origin to the patriotism of exiled Scotsmen in South Africa during the Boer War. In 1900 the Caledonian Society of Johannesburg undertook to recruit a mounted unit from colonists of Scottish birth or descent. The Marquis of Tullibardine (an officer of the Household Cavalry) was appointed to command the new regiment, which

soon mustered four squadrons plus a cyclist company fifty strong and after a brief period of training The Scottish Horse went on active service in the column commanded by General Kekewich (Colonel of The Buffs 1905/14.) They gained a great reputation for gallantry and efficiency. The Marquis of Tullibardine cabled to Britain and Australia for recruits to swell their ranks. As a result of this, 400 recruits came out from home, and 250 Australians from Victoria. After the original squadrons had been brought up to strength, the rest of these newcomers were formed into a new unit known as the 2nd Scottish Horse.

At Vlakfontein on 3rd July 1901 Lieut. W. J. English, 2nd Scottish Horse, won the V.C. and on the 30th of August 1901 the 2nd Scottish Horse again distinguished themselves. Along with the Buffs they formed part of Colonel Benson's column which was attacked by a force of Boers of far greater numerical strength. Practically every officer and man of the 2nd Scottish Horse on "Gun Hill" was killed or wounded. To quote the words of a historian, "No words can describe the loss the Scottish Horse suffered that day; but that heroic stand on the ridge by the guns was not in vain; it saved the camp and the rest of the column from total destruction, and it remains for all time an instance of that self-sacrifice and devotion to duty in the face of overwhelming odds for which the British soldier has ever been famous." Altogether the two regiments of Scottish Horse lost 115 killed or died and 201 wounded during the Boer War. The Scottish Horse were honoured with a place in the Coronation procession of His Majesty King Edward VII, and a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1902), describing that interesting pageant, says:—"The jaunty hat with black cock tail surely that corps was raised North of the Tweed. They are Tullibardine's desperadoes, The Scottish Horse.... Though their time has been short they have squeezed into their brief lease of life as much fighting as their seniors.

At once the gay Coronation scene disappears, and you re-fight the

breathless struggle of Vlakfontein and see again the mist-enveloped ridge at Bakenlaagte. The fierce struggle round the guns, the prostrate troopers with two rounds a piece, silently waiting for the horsemen in the mist to reduce the range until it should be deadly. The last fitful volley, the vain call for ammunition supply, the dull rattle of bayonets determinedly fixed, and then the final carnage till the guns were lost. These are some of the men who lined that ridge!"

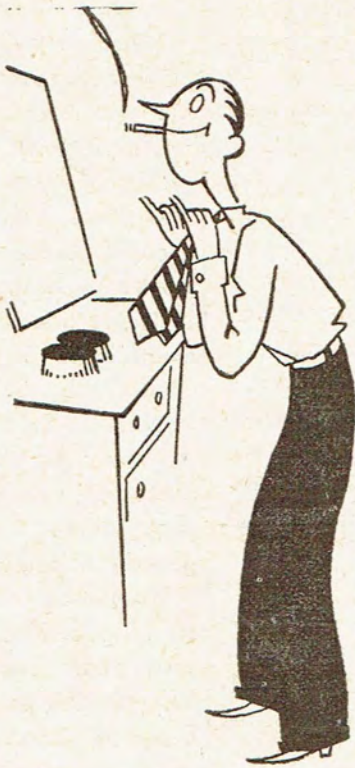
After the Boer War ended it was decided to continue the existence of the 1st and 2nd Scottish Horse as two regiments of Imperial Yeomanry. The Colonel-Commandant was the Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O., M.V.O., who afterwards succeeded to the title of Duke of Atholl, which carries with it the peculiar privilege of being the only one of King George's subjects allowed to maintain a private army—a relic of the days when the chief of every clan had his own bodyguard. Practically every one of the three hundred stalwart "Atholl Highlanders" is a past or present member of The Scottish Horse.

The eight squadrons of which the Scottish Horse consisted were recruited from Perthshire, Morayshire, Aberdeenshire, and Argyllshire. Their uniform being drab with yellow facings, slouched hat with plumes of black cock's feathers. The regimental badge is a crowned circle, inscribed "Scottish Horse", surmounted by a St. Andrew's Cross the whole enclosed in a wreath of bay leaves and juniper (the badge of the Murray clan to which the Duke of Atholl belongs), and below it a scroll bearing the Battle Honour "South Africa, 1900/1902."

In 1908 the 1st and 2nd Scottish Horse became part of the Territorial Force and were classified as "Dragoons;" in the following year each regiment received from H.M. King Edward VIII a "Guldon" or swallow-tailed banner of the pattern used by Dragoon regiments.

On 4th August, 1914 the two Scottish Horse regiments mobilized as part of the Highland Mounted Brigade, and a third regiment, as second and third line units for





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each of the three regiments. At the beginning of September 1915 the brigade went overseas, first to Egypt, then to Gallipoli, where it was employed dismounted. To give an idea of the conduct of The Scottish Horse in this campaign, I feel that I cannot do better than quote the words of two eye-witnesses—one a British naval officer, the other a foreigner. In his book "Reminiscences of a Naval Surgeon," Surgeon Rear Admiral T. T. Jeans, C.M.G., R.N., writes:—"Towards the evening The Scottish Horse dismounted advanced across the wide expanse of the Salt Lake in close formation, to make a last desperate effort to capture Scimitar Hill. Before they deployed the enemy high-explosive and shrapnel found them, and—as if on parade—they opened out in a slow and dignified manner wonderful to see. Our Syrian interpreter, deeply moved, turned to me as we watched them, and said, 'I know the armies of Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey; nearly all my life I have seen them fighting, but I have never seen men of such fine physique as these, nor with such bravery under fire.'

After the evacuation of Gallipoli the three regiments went back to Egypt, to Mena Camp, under the shadow of the Pyramids, and at the end of the tram-lines to Cairo, wrote an officer of the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, who were in the same brigade, "Apart from the fact that we had two regiments of Lovat's Scouts on one side, and three regiments of Scottish Horse on the other, and every man was either playing the pipes or practising on the chanter from early morn to dewy eve, we had a peaceful time there for about five weeks, watching our number gradually increase as men returned from hospital, and wondering whether we were ever to be mounted again." Alas, those peaceful days passed all too soon, and The Scottish Horse had said good bye to their equine friends for the duration of the war. At the beginning of 1917, the 1/1st, 1/2nd and 1/3rd Scottish Horse were amalgamated to form the 13th (Scottish Horse) Bn., The Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), under which title they continued to do good service in Egypt, Salonica, France and

Belgium until the end of the war.

In the later stages of the war they served in the 150th Infantry Brigade, whose Commander, in a final order at the conclusion of hostilities, congratulated the Brigade for "Never having failed to carry out the task set it," and on "having advanced further than any other allied soldiers."

The 2nd Line units (2/1st, 2/2nd, 2/3rd Scottish Horse) were converted into Cyclists as "The Scottish Horse Cyclist Brigade," while the 3rd Line units were converted into Infantry and continue to serve at home, training reinforcements for the First Line.

When the Government decided, after the Great War, that the number of Yeomanry regiments was to be rigorously curtailed, the outlook for The Scottish Horse and their neighbours, Lovat's Scouts, was somewhat black, as each was among the most junior units in years (though not in variety!) of service. However, disbandment was averted by constituting each corps on a new basis as a "Scout" unit, partly mounted on ponies, cycles or motorcycles, and partly dismounted; thus being prepared for work in any kind of country. Being largely recruited from men who are used to stalking, shooting and mountaineering, they make ideal scouts and despatch-riders. The present day uniform is of the ordinary khaki cavalry pattern, except for the head-dress, which is a blue border.

These two Scout Corps are unique in the British Army, and so far in the British Army, and so far as the writer knows they have no parallel in armies abroad.

R. MAURICE HILL

The word "Tattoo" comes from the Dutch "Tap Toe" (Put the) i.e. close the taverns. At military tournaments, Tattoo is used for a parade. It consists of the "First post" by the bugles, followed by rolls for the big drum and side drums. After the bands have marched up and down the barracks yard to succession, of quick marches "God save the King" and the "Last Post" conclude the Tattoo.

## THE REARGUARD

"They shall not grow old,  
As we who are left grow old"

No colours do we carry, we sport  
no badge nor crest.

We're an army's rearguard  
marching to the billets of the  
blest,

All battle-scarred and weary, we  
tread the roads of Time,  
The ever-dwindling rearguard of  
and army corps sublime;

And ne'er does darkness thicken,  
nor the morning sky burn red,  
But some chosen one goes for-  
ward to join the host ahead.

\* \* \* \*

Time was, we marched abreast of  
them, the foremost of the van  
We laughed with them and quaf-  
fed with them, and jested  
man to man.

We shared their joys and sorrows,  
and we closed their dying  
eyes,

Our cobbles of the picquet lines  
beyond the starlit skies.

There're waiting there by what  
the hymn-book calls the crys-  
tal sea.

To share with us the leave that  
lasts for all eternity.

\* \* \* \*

Ho! the weary tramping rear-  
guard in the thickest of the  
dust

Must plod along and do the thou-  
sand jobs a rearguard must;  
Hump the weakling's pack and  
set the straggler on his feet

Ginger up the faltering ones,  
renew the faint heart's boat  
Make the grumbler smile again and  
speed the way with song.

The thousand unobtrusive jobs  
that earn a bloke no gong.

\* \* \* \*

But when this duty's over, with  
our belts and side-arms clean,

We'll fall in for the last parade  
beyond the empyrean

We'll met our pal who went ahead  
on that last big parade.

God grant that we can stand by  
them erect and undismayed.

God grant that we'll be fit, when  
all the final rolls are checked.

To give the honest answer: "All  
present and correct!"

C. R. COLLINS,  
in The Listening Post, Perth.

## A RESOLUTION

Courtesy of Saturday Evening  
Post

Whereas you sit before a fire  
all day in winter and keep warm,  
but you cannot sit before your  
refrigerator all summer and keep  
cool, and

Whereas it is possible to have  
enough blankets on the bed in  
winter to sleep comfortably, but  
it is not possible to remove suffi-  
cient cover in summer to sleep  
comfortably, and,

Whereas frost bitten ears and  
toes may be thawed by rubbing  
gently with snow, but sunburned  
back is not improved any by  
pouring boiling water on it, and,

Whereas in winter it is possible  
to snap a button and turn off  
your radio but in summer it is  
not possible to close your neigh-  
bours windows and turn off his  
radio, and

Whereas, complaining about the  
weather in winter does some  
good because losing your temp-  
er makes you some warmer but  
complaining in summer does not  
make you any cooler, so,

Therefore let it be resolved, that  
we all like winter best, at least  
during the summer

When Abraham Lincoln was a  
young man he ran for the Legisla-  
ture of Illinois, and was badly  
swamped. He next entered busi-  
ness, failed and spent 17 years of  
his life paying up the debts of a  
worthless partner. He was in love  
with a beautiful young woman to  
whom he became engaged—then  
she died. Entering politics again  
he ran for congress and was badly  
defeated. He then tried to get  
an appointment to the United  
States Land Office, but failed. He  
became a candidate for the United  
States Senate, and was badly de-  
feated. In 1856 he became a can-  
didate for the vice-presidency and  
was once more defeated. In 1858  
he was defeated by Douglas. One  
failure after another—bad failures  
—great setbacks. In the face of all  
this he eventually became one of  
the greatest men of America,  
whose memory is loved and hon-  
oured throughout the world. When  
you contemplate the effect of a  
series of setbacks like this, doesn't  
it make you feel kind of small to  
become discouraged because you  
think you are having a hard time!



One of the things that has always troubled me is the thought of middle age. I have frequently pondered whether middle age stole like a thief in the night upon a man. Was he a young fellow one day, his spirit singing, and a middle aged has been another? Did it require five or six or ten years to shift him over definitely among the elders, so that genuinely youthful persons addressed him as "sir"?

Well, thought is a great thing. As a result of it, I know all about middle age, what it actually is, how it affects the victim, what it does to his outlook and most important of all, when it begins.

are you?"

"Not smoking any more, William," he says with a slight gesture of despair, touching himself somewhere with his thumb, as though he was a Christmas doll with a concealed spring.

"You look fine, Joe," you say warmly to the middle-aged dodo who, only a short time back—a mere matter of weeks—was a young man. "How are you feeling?"

You expect him to answer "pretty good" or "so-so" or ignore the question completely and go on with the chat, but you have unwittingly tapped a vast reservoir. "Not any too good, William," he

drink coffee, tea, cocoa, milk, cocktails, beer, orange juice, water or lemon squash. The minutes become hours, and although you may not have seen Joseph in a year, you hear no news at all beyond the fact that the specialists have called a meeting and intend to find out what is wrong with Joe's digestive tract if it kills him,

There are plenty of men and women who are never going to be either middle-aged or old. They will die young, because by virtue of a lucky gift from the empyrean gods, they never have the slightest desire to debate their pains and ills in public. They are in

never to begin the practice of having your teeth photographed, because then your day as a healthy human being is ended; and never to mention the word "infection" to anyone over 50 years of age unless the room has several large doors and window through which you can leap.

The Orderly Sergeant and a young officer were inspecting the cock house. Pointing to a large copper of water just beginning to boil, the officer said, "Why does that water only boil around the edges of the copper and not in the centre?"

"That water around the edge,"

DRINK

**Dow**  
OLD STOCK  
ALE

STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY

57

The exact moment when you turn into middle age is when you begin to discuss your bodily ailments and failings; to mention doctors, hospitals, specialists and operations and to find conversational fodder amid the deficiencies of your own teeth, adenoids, tonsils or appendix. That day you have ceased to be young, and it doesn't matter whether you were born in 1921 or 1876.

The middle-aged person is the one who comes to your house, sits down in your favorite chair by the fire and asks, "Well, William how have you been feeling?"

"Fine", you say in hearty return. "Have a cigar, Joe. How

replies and without further ceremony he launches into a detailed dissertation of what is the matter with him. There is plenty the matter with every middle-aged man and woman. This is why they are middle-aged.

This particular Joseph explains in a low undertone that in his case, the doctors believe it must be his tonsils, but it may be his teeth. If not his teeth, then it is a rare germ called the Bacillus Pyrex which is sneaking around, amid the interstices of his spine. Anyhow, Joseph goes on — his heart and stomach area affected; he cannot sleep nights; he cannot eat; or take moderate exercise; or

the minority and are pleasant people to know, for they have time to discuss matters of general interest. The others—the hopelessly middle-aged boys and girls—are the pitiful victims of a mental habit and sadly enough, they refuse to stay home and have their diseases in solitude. They demand publicity for their petrified arteries and they are going to have it.

The secret of youth is never to say anything about a pain in your stomach; never to go near a hospital except to visit the afflicted; never to let a strange surgeon look down your throat, for if you do he will howl for your tonsils;

Sir, replied, the sergeant "s for the men on guard, they have their breakfast half an hour before the remainder of the squadron.

"Does my practicing make you nervy?" asked a trooper who was learning to play a clarinet.

"It did when I first heard the other chaps discussing it," replied his friend. "But now I don't give a hang what happens to you."

Well, in this country, anybody can say anything he wants to say. But the thing we like is that you don't have to listen to him.



## Toronto News.

## Here and There.

Much water has passed under the bridge since we last wrote this column.....many things which we were expecting to happen didn't, while other totally unexpected events occurred which quite took our breath away..... we are to be excused then, if we appear at times to be confused... having read last month's issue from cover to cover, we feel very horsey and so, with a nice bit of hock action, we delve into the maelstrom of correspondence which our faithful Jeevie has garnered from various garbage cans, and waste-paper baskets... champing slightly at the bit, and causing a very light froth to form at the corners of our mouth, we find that the first item of interests concerns our old and genial confere George (A.B.C.D. who caused a collapse on the part of the entire personnel of 3rd troop (apart from himself), by producing a full box of matches..... such fame as resulted from such a feat was short lived, for the very next day, our bed-mate Harry (The Baron) actually offered us a cigarette...this caused a rush for the hospital for smelling salts, and while we were still shaking slightly from the shock Robert Gibson said "Anyone want to borrow sole saddlesoap."... while the entire Medical Staff are working overtime to revive those who were stricken by the shock of such a statement from Robert, we take the bit firmly between the teeth, and arching our neck, we take another grab at the bundle of mail.....we hear that Cecil, better known as Alvin the Faithful won't even talk to a cat in case it is a "she" while John the Cowherd refused to even look at a Motion Picture Magazine in case he should inadvertently admire some of the pictures....the real Romance of the month however concerns the two Little Boys Who Blew, to wit Boy Dell, and his half-section "Gilly".... these two intrepid youths whose total years may

amount to twenty three, are finding the fair sex of Toronto much to their liking and we have on several occasions, found them both in the Library rehearsing the love scene from Romea and Juliette.....all this news about Romance, etc makes us shy somewhat from the beaten trail, and mutter "What it is to be young", as we gaze back on our lost youth..... the latest news from Corporal Cupid (Without Pay) concerns a certain Hamilton native who has joined the ranks of the benedicts, while rumour is rampant that McBride has done the same thing.....the Bachs. are being gradually thinned out, although there are still several doubtfulls who might swing the balance either way.....we had a cheerful fire in Barracks during the month, in building 39.....we never knew that they gave regimental numbers to buildings before.....our Fire Brigade were very much in evidence, and rendered valuable assistance to the City Corps..... There was a great deal of dashing hither and yon, mostly hither, and we saw some very attractive evening ensembles, one in particular catching our eye from the R.C.R. contingent.....pale green pyjamas, with a loosely knotted sash, worn Spanish style....heavy durable rubber boots turned down to give a Russian effect, and a sou-wester to match..... the whole topped off with a Chinese Lounging Robe, done in a sunny pattern of moons and stars..... of course, one couldn't expect the local firemen to pay much attention to the fire with such an apparition very much in evidence, and we think that something was said about 'making tea for the Farmers'....after the fire had been successfully put out the gathering adjourned to the R.C.R. Men's Mess where our old friend William P. poured tea..... our own part in the festivities consisted of running around in circles, bumping into various peoples whom we certainly hadn't expected to see....we collided with "Fanny" and "Al", on the first leg, and then, as we "lufed" preparatory to taking a long 'reach' home we bowled over "George" A.B.C. D. and we were just in time to see "Egbert" doing a nice "Fire-

man save my Child" on the Tailors Stock.....most of our braves were somewhat suspicious when the fire call was sounded....during the month we had a fire call and no fire, followed up by a Pay Call, and no Cheques, so it is no wonder that everyone looks at the calendar when a Trumpeter blares forth some warning, as if to make sure it is not April 1st..... we hear an account of a lad who attended a "corn roast" in "blues".....tsk, tsk, know who it was?.....the 2nd party have returned from furlough, and Joe Willis spent the first week trying to overtake an Advance in Pay.....we ran across "Alice" at the Palace one evening, and he looked very sinister in a black hat which turned green occasionally... The Baron (H.H.) tried some unsuccessful "bumming" tactics, during the month, switching to a pipe, whereupon all pipe smokers went back to smoking cigarettes... Harry, not to be outdone, promptly threw his pipe away, and we all dug ours out again.....at the time of writing, we think that Harry smokes cigarettes butts in his pipe, so as to be on the safe side.....he can be heard daily, on the exhibition race-track asking "Has anybody got a cigarette for my pipe" which rather leaves one no room for escape....and now for a few laudatory remarks (laudatory was written on a Wednesday)....hearty congrats to Norm. Stafford who has gone on the Gold Standard permanently having been placed on the Married Establishment.... and a gentle kindly glance for "Al" who has coerced (still Wednesday) someone into thinking he is a Captain....while we are still in such a jovial mood, we offer a vote of thanks to our new Cook, and his highly trained culinary staff who have worked such an improvement in our Messing.....and we might add a vote of thanks to Albert who pinch hitting for the pioner, scrubbed out our office to such effect that we thought we were in the wrong building....and having now disposed of most of the months happenings we draw ourselves up into a ball, and roll back into our hole for another month.....s'long.

J. B. H.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

Although no one has threatened to cut off their subscription to "The Goat" owing to the absence of my remarks it is felt that apologies are in order. The spirit was strong, etc., etc. but the furlough period was partially responsible, however here we are again. Most of the lads of the Mess have completed their hard earned rest and are back on their jobs, "Rarin to go" all report an enjoyable furlough.

Q.M.S.I. (Tom) King is at present on instructional duty in the Garden City and will return shortly.

We welcome to our midst S.Q. M.S. "Mickey" Gilmore, who has taken over the reins of office as Squadron "quarter-bloke."

As more capable hands have undertaken a write up on the late S.M.I. "Harry" Karcher no mention will be made other than, we were all very sorry that he passed away, especially as only the night before Q.M.S.I. MacLean and S.Q.M.S.I. Copeland were to see him and although far from being his old self, appeared fit enough under the circumstances.

We say Au Revoir to the undermentioned members who leave the service to conquer new worlds, and all join in wishing them every success in civilian life;

S.Q.M.S. "Harry" Simpson who completed over 19 years service, and owing to ill health was forced to "pack up". A tumble down a stair-way during a "stand-to" in 1933 appeared to have telling effects. "Harry" served with the C.A.V.C. from June 1915 to October 1916, R.C.D., (C.E. 1-11-16 to 10-7-19 R.C.D PF/ 1-8.19 to 31-8-34 and was employed most of his R.C.D. service in the R.K. M. and Squadron Stores. He is in possession of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

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Sergt. "John" Smith came to us on transfer from the R.C.R. in 1922 having served previously with the Imperial Army R.F.A. and had over 21 years service with the Imperial service. Served in South African war 13.11.99 to 6'9.02. and had over 4 years with the C. E.F. he has the following medals; S.A. 1899; S.A. (Queen's) 5 clasps S. A. King's 5 clasps; 1914-15 Star; G. S. Victory and The L. S. and G.C. Medals. During his service with the unit he presided over the cook-house range in a able manner.

Sergt. "George" Martin completed over 21 years service with the R.C.A.M.C. and since the termination of the Great War spent most of that time at Stanley Barracks. Unfortunately no records are on hand for more detail. However George was always on hand to give the lads friendly advice on the pitfalls that are to ensnare our manly youth.

S/Sergt. "Charlie" Howard, R. C.O.C. nearly gave us heart failure in his announcement that he was leaving the service, he however afterwards admitted that like that little song "I was only fooling etc., he was kidding the troops. We are glad that he is still in harness.

An "At Home" was held on September 28th this event has always proved a popular one judging from the attendance, we hope that the efficient entertainment committee will keep up the good work.

The evening started off with "Housey" or "Lotto" and many prizes were awarded to the fortunate winners. Your correspondent worked up several sweats but failed to click and gave up, had my eye on a "stein"—not that it would be of any use or anything like that, but more for sentimental reasons.

Presentations were made to our departing members during the handing out of prizes to the winners in the game. Dancing and refreshments completed a most enjoyable evening.

Sergt. Proctor of the 1st Royal Dragoons has asked, if his request for corresponded from any of his old Regiment might be pub-

lished. Sergt. Proctor is a welcome visitor to the Mess and we hope that any other 1st Royals will make it their business to look us up.

We were pleased to see Q.M.S.I. E. J. Manning and S/Instr. Simpkin of "T" Squadron, who found time to come up and see us, even though on furlough.

Had the distinction of representing R.H.Q. and "B" Squadron on Church Parade Sunday October 14th,

If anyone has been overlooked in these remarks don't be downhearted, these notes are only from personal observations of The Office Boy.

### THE BIG STIFF

Courtesy of IV-VII Dragoon  
Guards Gazette

He was round as an apple, as big as a bus.

His coat had a bloom—or so seemed so to us.

That must surely delight the chief judges eye.

As he looked him all over and prodded his thigh.

He'd been groomed with a brush and banged with a wisp.

By a chap on each side with a sinewy wrist.

By a chap on each side with a A legend is current—I'll not vouch that it's true—

That they walloped his hide with a Service gym shoe.

With paraffin oil his bang tail was They washed him in lux—what a mervellous 'Ad.'

They rubbed him with brilliantine Somebody had pomaded.

They burnished his shoes—not a thing unregarded.

Then the moment arrives when he must face the crowd.

So they cover him up in a white cotton shroud.

And escort him with every possible care.

To the place where he meets the first judge on the square.

His troop sergeant spat—I admit it was vulgar.

But this "Fat Stock" performance would ruffle a buglar.

"E may be a winner" muttered he with a sniff.

"But Gawd help the poor blighter not rides the big stiff."

## London Was Once A Garrison Town.

By Fred Williams

London the Less having entered upon its 81st year as a city it may be of interest to recall that once upon a time it was a British garrison town of no small importance. Barely 40 years after Simcoe had imagined a British garrison there the dream came true, not because as he feared of conflict with the United States, but because of some thing he could not have foreseen, armed rising against the powers that were by a British people determined to have self-government. The situation in the London district was so menacing in 1837 that it was thought necessary to send troops to London; indeed for a time the district was under martial law and political "criminals" were tried by military courts and sentenced to death, some of the unfortunate actually dying on the scaffold whilst others were deported from thence to Van Dieman's Land.

The first regiments to be garrisoned at London were the 32nd and 83rd in '37 and '38. When they left in 1841, the 1st Royals and the 14th took their places. Then came the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1843, to be succeeded by the 82nd in 1845, by the 81st in 1848, by the 20th in 1847, and by the 23rd for a second time, in 1850, the latter remaining until 1853 when London ceased to be a garrison town. Perhaps the 20th stands out in local annals, for there are residents of the London of today who can tell you that they recall their parents, telling them of having skated in Winter and boated in summer on "Lake Horn", a body of water created by the officer commanding that regiment by damming a creek and creating an artificial lake of beauty as well as utility.

The garrison days left their tra-

ces upon the town's life. Many of the officers married London girls; some of them went to England; others persuaded their husbands to sell out and settle down on Canada, thereby laying the foundation of some of the leading families. Many a non-com. and private decided when his time expired that Canada was a good country to stay in, so that throughout the whole social strata one finds links with the military past.

Inasmuch as after the political troubles of '37 to '49 had died out there was nothing for the garrison to do but drill and enjoy themselves, the garrison period was a lively one in the life of London. There were, of course, the various sets, as in all garrison towns; there were clubs and assemblies, dinners and dances, horse racing aquatics and cricket, especially cricket; and they were good times, even if there was not much money in circulation and tradesmen's books were logged with military accounts. There are old scrapbooks treasured in some London homes filled with dance programmes and other social relics of the days when London was an army town; beside them are, sometimes, casualty lists from the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, for most of the regiments who were in London played their part in the wars of that period, and it was rare indeed for The Times to come, months after its publication without bringing word of the death in action of some good fellow who had been beloved by someone in the Upper Canada London. Professor Fred. Landon of Western University, has begun to delve into the history of London the Garrison town. He has only touched the fringe of what ought to be most valuable additions to our military and social history.

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## WHITEWASHING THE LAST POST

It is an unwritten rule in the Army that every recruit—or 'rookie' as Tommy calls him—who joins must go through a number of practical jokes. Strangely enough these jokes, which are really the tests that decide how the new man shall be treated later on, rarely vary. There are about half a dozen or so standard jokes which are sprung on the 'green horn' one after the other. Probably the best known of these is the "Last Post" joke. On the first day almost of a recruit's Army life, the older hands in the barracks tell him that he has been told off for "special fatigue" that evening.

"What is that?" asks the recruit  
"Why you're to whitewash the last post."

They offer to help him all they can, and tell him that he will be able to get a pail of whitewash from Cambell in the Q.M.S. Stores over the orderly room. Off goes the rookie, Cambell is up to the joke and sends him to the orderly sergeant. He also is up to the joke however, and so is everyone else, with the result that the poor chap is sent from place to place and person to person, until he at last decided to go back to barracks. Then he is told that the "Last Post" is a trumpet call.

If he is wise he takes the joke, if he is not wise he loses his temper and regrets it afterwards.

That is the only joke played in connection with a trumpet call, but there is another similar one. "Oh" says one of his friends "Corporal" Lawrence wants the key to the square, so off goes the rookie. He can't discover the key, but does discover in the end that the barracks square is only a piece of ground upon which men are drilled.

The N.C.O. in charge of the room is generally an old hand, who has been through the mill himself so he calls to the rookie "Hi" he says. "It's your turn to go and get the defaulters beer money."

Of course such a thing is absurd but the rookie, anxious to get himself liked, doesn't stop to think. Instead he asks where he can get it, and rushes about from one place to another, before he finds

that he is the victim of a joke.

By this time the "rookie" is beginning to get used to the tricks of his fellows, and is on the look out for "sells." The last joke however is called the sentry box joke, and has taken in many a smart man.

After he has been in the service for a week or so Cpl. Russell tells the recruit that "He's to go to the Sergeant Tailor to be measured for a sentry box as he will soon have to start going on guard." Proud that he is making such good progress the rookie goes in search of the man who is to measure him. He learns after a weary walk around the barracks that he has been "had" again. After that he is left in peace—that is if he has taken his jokes with a smile.

## "Major" Murphy of Malta.

He was a General at Joking and his Donkey 'Gligmaglog' was a beast for Bergundy.

By Major W. S. Newroth

(Courtesy of the Salute)

Several distinguished infantry battalions of the line were stationed in Malta at the time of this story.

We were constantly obliged to dress up in red tunics, white buff equipment, black leather valises and all the rest of it. For soldiering was the order of the day, ceremonial parades taking up the best part of the time.

Now here comes 'Major' Murphy and you'll know him by his unmilitary manners. Known to the roll call as a pestering private he was always referred to by the troops as "Major." He was forever calling out "42" instead of "36" falling to shine his buttons or polishing only one boot and then trying to stand on the unpolished one during inspection. But he had a glorious sense of humour.

Guard mounting was practised on the Island from early morning until late afternoon and the real thing took place every eight days, one whole company being detailed for the duty. Malta had a Main Guard where the guard mounting took place every day under the vigilant eye of the

Governor General. His place of residence (known as the place) was opposite the Main Guard Room. The entire population turned out to witness the parade.

"Major" Murphy was very much averse to all this Red Tape, but he only confided his thoughts and plans for the future to his ancient donkey accomplice, "Gingmaglog". Merely the promise of a liberal serving of intoxicating liquid refreshment was enough to keep Gligmaglog's lips sealed on the plot that was about to transpire.

I'll have to introduce detail here in order to properly prepare for the trick that ended in the Guard Room.

Think of the Champ de Mars in Montreal, but visualize it twice as large as it was. That would be the parade ground in Malta, with the Main Guard Room appearing like the armoury on Craig Street, the Officer's Quarters over the Guard Room. The local City Hall would be the Governor General's residence, the Guard mounting taking place on the square.

The Main Guard was turned out only to the Governor General, and once by day and again at night to the Field Officer of the Day. There were two sentries marching up and down outside the Guard Room day and night.

On a dark Friday night shortly before midnight one of the sentries on the main Guard Room beat heard irregular hoof beats approaching the Guard Room.

Having been on the alert for the "Grand Rounds" the sentry challenged with "Halt!—Who goes there?" The answer came back from the shadows, "Grand Rounds."

The sentry obediently ordered "Stand! Grand Rounds" and then called out, "Guard turn out."

With the usual promptness and gusto, the whole guard assembled ranks opened and dressed. Officers who had also been awaiting "Grand Rounds" took up their regular positions. Captain of the Guard bellowed, "Advance — Grand Rounds, —All's well," and to the sound of advancing hoof beats the Guard stood at the slope awaiting the next order.

"Guard — present arms!" —



# With the Compliments of James F. Cosgrave, Toronto, Ont.

out of the gloom staggered "Gligmaglog."

The Major's blood shot orbs haughtily surveyed the troops as he adjusted a barrack room mop to the slope. With much mimicry and only a touch of soldierly bearing the "Major" requested, "Dismiss your Guard, Sir."

"Major" was straightway mobbed, although "Gligmaglog galloped crazily away into the night and was never seen again.

The miscreant Murphy was eventually arraigned on a charge of drunkenness, but he survived to laugh and tell the story many years later to his mischievous grandsons.

Two wholehearted enthusiasts were attending the local "Derby" during the whole game, the smaller of the two used his drill sergeant voice to urge his pet team to victory. As the final whistle blew he turned to his pal and remarked "Blimey, mate, I believe I've lost me voice."

Back came the reply: "Don't you worry, mate, you'll find it in my left ear."

## The New Model Cavalry.

The old men dream dreams and the young men see visions. As in the days of the ancients so to-day—the old men dream their dreams and the young men see their visions.

The old men dream of the days when cavalry was the "Queen of the Battlefields." Sole bearers of information about the enemy; protectors of the slow-moving columns; a galloping mass of horsemen harassing the enemy in his retirement and turning retreat into rout. A corps highly admired by other arms; deeply respected by other nations.

The young men's visions are of armoured cavalry. Miniature tanks sweeping line after line across country spitting fire from some death-dealing automatic weapon. Close in support some more heavily-armed monster infantry in mechanical conveyances and mechanized artillery all bumping and lurching their way across some fire-swept battlefield.

Which of these are right?

The old men's dreams are gone the young men's visions may never materialize.

Probably a combination of the two is the solution.

Cavalry since the war has undergone continuous criticism both reasonable and unreasonable, sound and unsound. It has undergone the most vigorous test peace training could devise, and it appears to have survived.

A middle course, a combination of the old and the new, a new cavalry—in fact, a new weapon based on these tests and criticisms is about to be forged. It will be a weapon full of life its area of reconnaissance made greater; its powers of resistance and its punch increased. It will be malleable and possess elasticity; at times it will be a solid fighting unit at other times scattered for reconnaissance.

It is now our duty to learn how to handle this new weapon and study its characteristics, for, in the hands of a capable commander, it should prove itself extremely efficient.

The present-day cavalry is being completely remodelled.

From the reorganization one fact appears to emerge. Mechanism instead of making an end of the horseman, has opened up to him possibilities never dreamt of before.

Mechanical transport has relieved the horse of all unnecessary weight, and given him increased marching power. It has enabled more S.A.A. to be carried to increase the fire power.

Mechanized machine guns have increased the mobility of the main bulk of the fire and given us a new weapon with its mobility increased and its hitting power doubled.

Our sabre squadrons are now very similar to those famous horsemen of the American Civil War, who were renowned for their mobility, reconnoitring abilities and surprise appearances in front of the enemy. Our horsemen have the added advantage of enormous fire support from machine guns. When we think of the performances of the Federal and Confederate cavalry in those days



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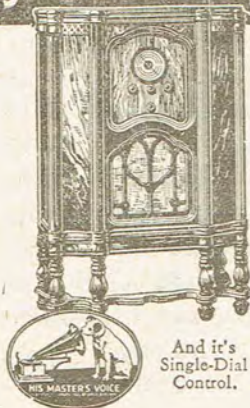


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in spite of the blunders which their commanders sometimes committed, we may surely be permitted to visualize a future for our new model cavalry.

The mechanical side of our Army is as yet young, but it will improve by leaps and bounds. It has replaced the horse on the lines of communication and to a great extent in the artillery. Can anyone say that for years to come it will be able to replace the cavalry patrol on reconnaissance, where silence and secrecy are essential?—or the cavalry regiment on protective duties?

Does the mechanical force possess the element of surprise? And, lastly, shall we never have an anti-tank weapon?

The horse and machine will assist each other; but the one without the other would be helpless.

So take heart you pessimists, who think the days of the cavalry are gone. Think, rather, that the days of "foot slogging" are numbered.

An anecdote related recently appears to show that reforming the land laws not so simple a matter as some people appear to think. In Scotland there exists a custom known as tenure by feu, which consists in the tenant performing services or making certain payments, failure in which may result in forfeiture of the tenancy.

Some time back it was decided to abolish feus on the Sunderland estate and substitute a generous form of lease which would have the effect of making the crofter the owner, in all but name of the land to be tilled. To his Grace's surprise, however, the first Highland farmer to whom the new terms were explained resolutely declined to entertain them. "But consider," said the agent, "The rent you will be called upon to pay is merely nominal, and we are giving you a lease of 999 years." "The old man shook his head and retorted "Na, na, time soon runs awa."

Student, pointing to butt-trap "What is this hole for, Sgt?"

Inst. "That's to blow through after firing each shot—it keeps the barrel cool."

## Wire Overhead.

By Will R. Bird

Courtesy of the Legionary

They used to say, in the 25th Battalion, that "Nervous" Johnson had the greatest imagination on the Western front. Given a dark night and a slight wind and he could make the noise of rustling dead grass the whispers of a Heinie patrol. Put up a flare and he could build whole platoons out of weed tops and shape old stakes into German officers. Most any new man, and plenty of old hands, could do this, but none so vividly as Johnson, for he would tell the color of the officer's eyes or how many of the platoon were bowlegged. One misty morning he looked over the top and actually saw a German scuttling to cover. The platoon was in the Lens area, where old wire and trenches and wrecked buildings made the landscape fit for any war picture, and straightway he made out a Hun working party busy with the construction of a Minnie-wefer emplacement. The sergeant hopped up a minute later and stared himself cross-eyed and couldn't see anything but a small, broken-topped bush and a wrecked French cart. Johnson stuck to his story, however, and described things so vividly that the officer heard of it and had him go down to company headquarters and tell his story.

It didn't take the company commander long to find flaws in his fiction, but Johnny's command of detail made a lasting impression on Sergeant Buck. Buck did most of the scouting for his company and led all patrols. He loved that work and could crawl over and among old craters and brick heaps without losing his sense of direction in a way that made his fellows declare he must be a full-blooded Indian. He had courage galore, was a good shot, enjoyed his work, but had one failing—he could not make good reports!

When he came in from a patrol that had simply thrilled with adventure he would get his pad and scribble: "Patrol of four men and Sergeant Buck from Piccadilly Post at Cow Trench into No man's Land at 11 p.m. Advanced forty yards. Saw enemy sap. Heard Germans working. Was out two hours. No enemy patrols."

Major Squibbs, the company commander, would read this epistle to the Romans and shout for the sergeant. "Why the hell don't you use your lead pencil more?" he would shout. "How did you advance forty yards? Walk? Crawl? Run? Swim? Where was this sap you found? Were the Huns in it? Was it a new one? What—where—blast it, man, wake up. Go write out a report of everything, something I can understand.

And Sergeant Buck would spend the rest of the time till stand to, sucking a stubby lead pencil and sighing, now and then making a jumbled disjointed statement.

"Johnson," said Buck, after the interview at headquarters, "from now on you're a company scout. You don't do any gas guard or day sentry, and to night you'll go out with me to a big shell hole on the right. We're going to try and locate a Heinie machine gun post and...."

"But, Sergeant," pleaded Johnson, "I'm—I'm not a scout, I—I—"

"Who said you was?" Buck demanded. "You're just to be a reporter. I can't make these blasted reports to suit the major, and you are just the kid for that stuff. Now go pound your ear till I come for you."

That night the sergeant and Johnson established themselves in the mentioned shell hole. It was about ten yards from the German, wire and the sector was fairly quiet, but Buck had such difficulty in leading, driving and pushing his recruit to the hole that he was tempted to boot him back to trench duties. They lay in their hiding till two o'clock in the morning and then crawled in. Buck showed Johnson a report blank as soon as the fellow had stopped shaking and got control of himself.

"Now fill this in. Put in every thing," Buck said, "and bring it to me when you're finished."

The sergeant had hardly reach-



ed his own bunk and pitched his steel hat in a corner before Johnson was with him. Buck swore, then checked his language. The report was filled with fine writing. Getting close to the candle he read:

"Patrol consisting of Sergeant Buck and Private Oliver Wendell Johnson proceeded from Birmingham Post on Cow Trench to shell crater six yards from the enemy trench. The patrol passed through barricade wire, moved along trench frontage for seven yards, then twelve yards towards enemy after which proceeded on southeasterly direction until crater was reached. The crater was nine feet in circumference and only a few inches in depth. It was in a foul condition.

"Enemy Trench. Hostile parties seemed continually on the move in the enemy trench. At last two companies of soldiers were there on sentry duty. Flare-light firers established at ten yard intervals. Germans are of a large stature and believed to be special unit of Prussians Guards.

"Condition of Enemy Trench. Strongly wired, strongly constructed, strongly manned.

"Work on Enemy Trench. Several working parties at different points. Sounds of shovelling, of hammering, and sawing. Would estimate that a battery emplacement is being constructed for use in a surprise attack. Several noises like the installing of gas projectors. Would suggest that a special alertness for gas be maintained.

"Hostile Patrols. No hostile patrols were encountered though several were heard passing in the rear of the shell crater occupied. Owing to shortage of men and ammunition your patrol did not take the offensive.

"Flares Twenty-seven flares were shot up; four of these failed. Highest reached an elevation estimated at two hundred feet.

"Remarks. As the enemy has wired himself in great strength and is strongly entrenched as well as having superior numbers in forward positions, would suggest that any movement against him in this area would only meet with disaster. Would point out that patrols run great risks advancing near the enemy wire, as cover is

very slight. Maxim machine guns seem placed at every ten feet along trench and men were heard bringing minnenwerfer shell to gun position."

The sergeant re-read the entire report and then, with his stubby pencil, did some crude editing. His corrections made sad work of the neatly-written report, but Johnson did not seem to mind. He was back twenty minutes later with the revised edition. Buck passed it in to the sergeant-major and went to his blankets with a happy heart and dreamt through rat-haunted hours of his assistant publishing an eight page "Trench Daily" with flaring four inch headlines.

All went well for several tours. Sergeant Buck became the most successful patrol leader in the battalion. The reports he sent in were simply marvels. They were waited for as priceless treats and were passed along reverently from company to company. Other sergeants with like responsibility tore their jerkins and swore that all was not according to Hoyle, that a dark-skinned gentleman was somewhere in the lumber dump. And then Buck was wounded. It happened during an evening strafe, just as he was push out with Johnson toward an old cellar that had been reported as being used as a night post by the enemy.

Major Squibbs had bet 'C' Company's captain that it was not occupied, placing his francs on the strength of information Buck had brought in that the old cellar was entirely surrounded—on the Hun side—by an impassable barrier of wire. When he heard that his sergeant was wounded he was dumbfounded for the moment and then recalled that Private O. W. Johnson always accompanied Buck on his nightly expeditions. Forthwith he summoned the victim. "Johnson," he said curtly, "you know the cellar you were to watch tonight. Take another man and carry on with this patrol the same as the sergeant would have done."

"But—but sir," protested Johnson. "I—I'm—"

"That is all," said Major Squibbs.

Johnson knew enough to go, and he chose Tommy Lark to go with him. Tommy was far from a husky fighter, but that was why Johnson

chose him. Tommy was the only man he felt he could command during a crisis, and the only member of the platoon not imbued with foolhardy notions of what to do when close to the enemy.

They crawled through tangled grass and weeds, skirted old craters, crossed a slimy garden patch and circled a brick heap. Directly to their right a dark blur showed the position of the cellar. It was not far from the Canadian Trench and had once been used as an outpost until Fritz developed an ugly trick of dropping fishtails into it. Wire, well-tangled and massed, protected the front and both flanks. Johnson was puzzled as to the best position for him to take. He decided, at last that the safest spot would be under the wire itself. There he would not be seen by any enemy patrol. He beckoned Tommy on.

They found it exceedingly difficult to get under the wire, which was long-barbed and sagged to the sod itself. Johnson led the way and long practice lent him skill. He managed to wriggle under the thickest portion of the half-moon and lay, breathing deeply, listening. There was no sound of Tommy!

The little fellow had tried to do the worm stunt at three different openings and had retreated with slight wounds after each attempt. Johnson disgusted had crawled from view, hoping his disappearance would spur the youngster to a more strenuous attempt. But Tommy had vanished. Had he fled back to the trench? Johnson dare not call, he knew how voices seemed to carry out in that void between the wires. Then, tramp tramp, tramp; his ear to be ground, he heard the thud of heavy feet. At least three men were coming straight toward him. toward the wire, coming from the enemy side. He tried to shrink into the earth, conscious of chills chasing up and down his spine and wondered where Tommy was. Then he heard a guttural grunt, hands fumbling at the wire, enemy hands, not ten feet from where he lay. What happened next happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that he could not move or cry out. The wire above him was simply swept back and away, leav-

ing him masked to German eyes. Johnson was frozen, paralyzed with fright. He lay rigid, unmoving hardly breathing, and three big Huns tramped past him to jump down into the cellar. Then, with a slight rasping, grating noise, the ten foot roll of wire was pushed back into place. It pricked Johnson severely, spearing him in a dozen tender places, caught at his tunic collar, hitched his equipment up on his shoulders, pulled his tunic up after it. Yet he did not gasp or cry out. Not until the Huns had their gun in place and were calmly sweeping the Canadian parapet with bullets did he essay to move—and found out that he could not.

The Germans, cunning in all tricks of war, had cut the wire so as to have a movable section. This they manipulated by ropes that ran around set iron stakes, the ropes being hidden in the grass. As they approached they pulled the ropes and the wire rolled back over an entrance to the cellar. Once in they snugged it back into place, and no patrol had discovered the trickery. Johnson wiggled slightly, tried to free himself, worked an arm free from barbs, got his collar tugged loose. Then he became still as if petrified. Perspiration ran down his hide. When coming out he had placed a Mills bomb in each pocket of his tunic, had carried one in his hand, and had thrust another in one of his hip pockets. The wire had dragged his tunic over his back. Then a long barb, with devilish luck, had hooked itself through the ring of the safety pin of the grenade in the hip pocket. If he moved forward or backward, in any way, the pin would be withdrawn and he, unable to make a gateway, would meet sudden and gory end.

Johnson's brain revolved like a squirrel on a trick bar. He sweat and chilled alternately. For, if he did not move, the wire would be moved, when the Germans thought it time to retire, and results would be just as fatal. His only hope seemed to be to call out, but—the Germans could not understand him, and would yank the wire back. Such a position was never devised elsewhere on the western front. In his company the old hands all have different ideas of



what Johnson thought and did during the three hours he lay imprisoned in his torture chamber. Some assert that he fainted continually and thus passed the time, others claim that he suffered a seizure of some sort—which was true to a barb—and the majority believe that he was conscious every second of the time and lived a life in three hours. They point out the after effects. for Johnson was never the same man.

At any rate he was very much alive to the situation when Fritz, Otto, and Hans decided to call it a night. They gave a healthy tug on the ropes and the wire rolled back, taking with it the bomb from Johnson's pocket. As the roll turned over the weight of the grenade, or possibly the tug it had as it was loosed, freed the pin. If this was fiction I should write the Mills packet wiped out the three Huns and Johnson carried in the Maxim as his trophy. The plain truth was that the bomb did not cause any sudden deaths. It probably gave the German trio the surprise of their career, and

possibly one of the fragments—how many did instructors state there were in one grenade—embedded itself in Hunnish anatomy. One thing—they did not recover from surprise in time to prevent Johnson from getting to his feet and sprinting homeward like a phantom of the night. He had one more fright on the way. As he passed a crater Tommy shot up out of it and paced him to the Canadian wire. The little chap had heard the Huns coming and suddenly made a move on his own to a deep shell hole, there to await events.

After a stiff "issue" Johnson was led to his dugout to write his

report. He commenced:

"Private Oliver Wendell Johnson and Private Lark proceeded on listening patrol at 10 p.m. They left trench at cross section of Bull Trench and Eggshell Sap, going forty yards before turning east. The patrol here separated, Private Lark retreating to safety of a large shell hole in rear. Private Oliver Wendell Johnson proceeded alone to within yards of German trench and then concealed himself under wire about old cellar suspected as German post. Shortly a patrol of the large and determined Berlin Guardsmen advanced....."

They found him collapsed on the

bench. He was sent to hospital, suffering from nervous attack. He never came back. A year or so after the war he was cook's helper with a road construction crew, and at night entertained the boys with the tale of the night he was surrounded by a desperate gang of German raiders, forty or fifty of them, at a cellar—with wire overhead.

A clergyman was berating a certain parishioner for making a great ado in one part of the country about something which happened in another part, and asked him why he could not tell in the south what happened there and not bother the north country about it.

The parishioner: "You are a Minister of the Gospel are you?"

The Minister said: "Yes I am."

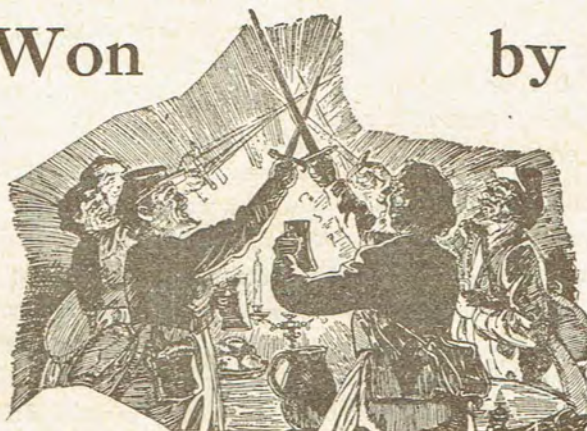
The Parishioner: "It is your business to save souls from hell"

"That is my mission" said the Minister.

"Then why don't you go there", said the man as he walked away.

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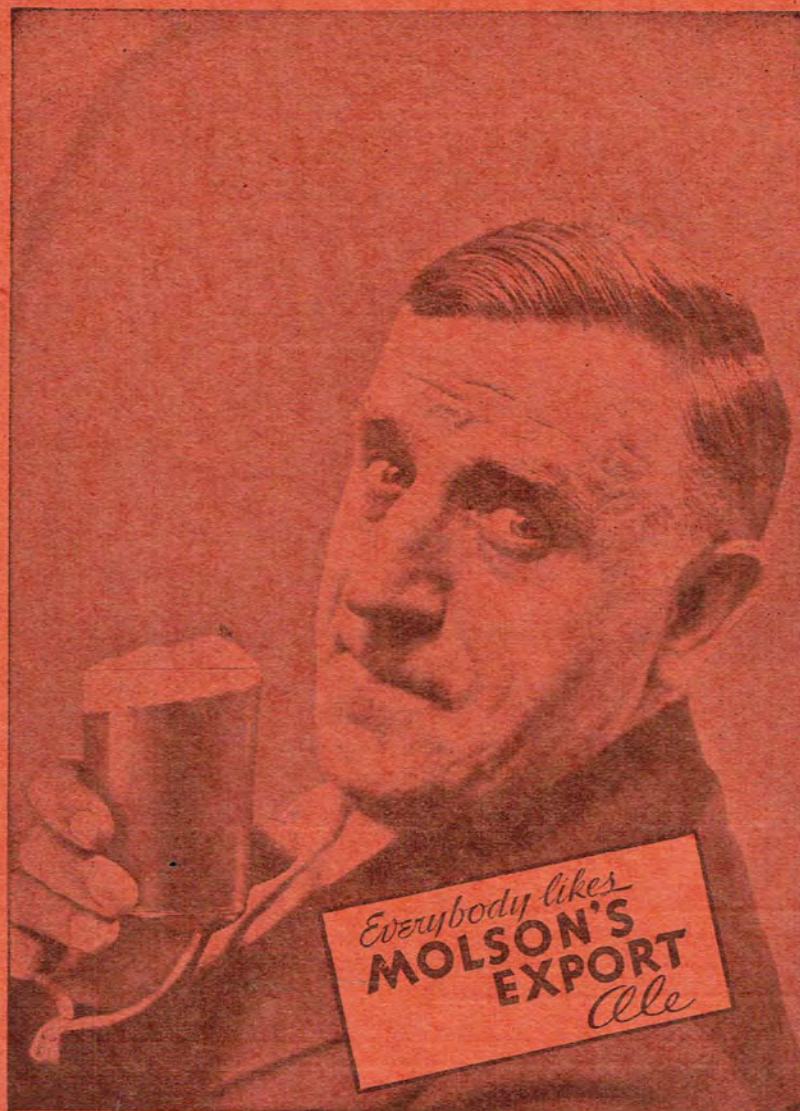
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